

THERE'S MIDNIGHT MYSTERY AFOOT--AND DARK DANGER PROWLS! SO GO AHEAD, BOLT THE DOORS AND SHIVER--BUT THAT'S NOT FOR THE FAT FURY! WATCH THIS MIGHTY MOUNTAIN OF FEARLESS JELLO CRASH INTO THE CRAZIEST, KOOKIEST ACTION YOU'VE EVER SEEN! SHOW THEM, HERBIE--IN...

"GOOD GOSH, The GORILLA!"



STORY: SHANE O'SHEA
ART: GORDON WHITNEY

GREAT STORY FOR YOU, READER,
ALL ABOUT SOMEBODY WHO DID
SOMETHING FOR ME ONCE...
AND HOW IT ALL TURNED OUT...

CHICK BEEPLE'S
GIANT CIRCUS



"ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS BABY..."

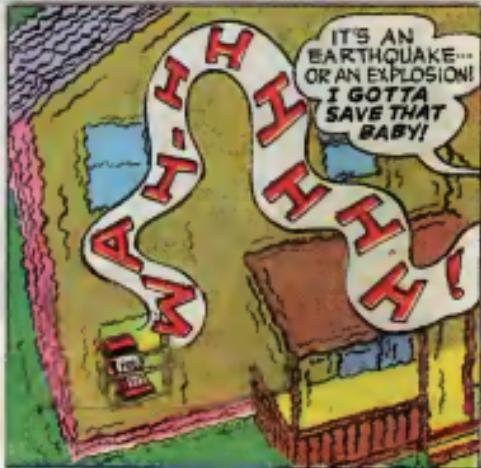
YOU CAN WATCH
THE CIRCUS PARADE
WHEN IT PASSES--WON'T
THAT BE NICE? AND
HERE'S YOUR
PACIFIER!



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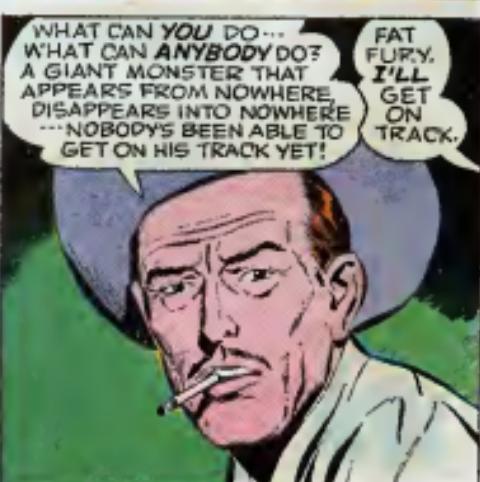
"OTHER BABIES HAD REGULAR PACIFIERS, BUT
I HAD LOLLIPOP. THERE I WAS, ENJOYING
PARADE..."

GLUG!
YAY!









WHEN? THERE'S A MORTGAGE COMING DUE NEXT THURSDAY AND I'LL LOSE THE CIRCUS IF I CAN'T RENEW! THE BANKERS ARE COMING TO THE WEDNESDAY PERFORMANCE TO SEE IF I'VE STILL GOT A GOING SHOW HERE... BUT AT THE RATE THE GORILLA'S SCARING OFF MY PERFORMERS, I WON'T HAVE, AND THEY'RE BOUND TO FORECLOSE!

NOT WORRY IN WORLD.
FAT FURY ON JOB.
GET THAT GORILLA.

"TO FIND ONE ANIMAL, SET ANOTHER TO CATCH HIM. WENT TO CIRCUS MENAGERIE..."

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT GORILLA?
LIKE HIM, HUH? ADMIRE
HIM BECAUSE HE'S SO STRONG...?

WOULDJA MIND COMIN'
DOWN HERE AN' GETTIN' MY
ANSWER DIRECT,
FELLAS?

HE'S TRYIN' TA BUST UP THE CIRCUS, TAKE THE BREAD OUTA OUR MOUTHS!
WANNA KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I HAD HIM HERE?
FOIST A LEFT JAB... THEN A RIGHT CROSS
TO THE KISSER... THEN
THE OL' ONE-TWO...



...LIKE **THIS!** YA SOUND LIKE A PAL OF HIS AN' **THIS** IS WHAT WE THINK OF HIM AN' HIS PALS!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



TRUTH IS THAT
GORILLA'S SO
POWERFUL,
NOTHIN'
CAN STOP
HIM -- NOT
EVEN YOU,
HERBIE! HE'S
CHASIN' AWAY
ALL THE
PERFORMERS...

I SEEN HIM
HANGIN' AROUND
THE FREAK SHOW
-- HE MUST
BE AFTER
THEM
NOW!

LOOK IN
ON THEM...



"SO I LOOKED IN ON FREAK SHOW--"

GLAD
I'M NOT
LIKE
HIM.

GLAD
I'M NOT
LIKE
HER.



FOLKS KNOW
WHAT I AM--
BUT WHAT'S
HE?

DIDN'T KNOW
THEY HAD THINGS
LIKE THAT... COULDA
BEEN WORSE.
I COULDA
LOOKED
LIKE
HIM.

THE HUMAN
SKELERIN...

BIG
BOY

MAN
FROM
MARS



GOLLY, FELLAS,
L-LOOK -- IT'S
HERBIE! HERBIE
POPNECKER! THE
STRONGEST, BRAVEST,
MOST POWERFUL--
OH, GOLLY!

MR.
MOLECULE



OH, IF I COULD
ONLY BE LIKE
YOU ARE!
EVERYONE
SCARED OF
YOU, NOBODY
PUSHES
YOU
AROUND...

THAT BRINGS ME TO
THE GORILLA. KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
HIM?



THE G-GORILLA!
THE --THE VERY THOUGHT
OF HIM TERRIFIES ME!
IF I EVEN SAW HIM, I'D
D-DIE!

GUESS
I CAN'T
PICK UP
ANYCLUES
HERE.



"ONE THING
SURE--HAD TO
MAKE CERTAIN
GORILLA
DIDN'T STRIKE
AGAIN. HAD
TO BE A
PERFORMANCE
WEDNESDAY
NIGHT OR
CIRCUS WOULD
BE FORECLOSED.
SO I TOOK UP
GUARD--AND
AT TUESDAY
NIGHT'S
SHOW..."

EVERYTHING OKAY...
GORILLA MUST HAVE
GOTTEN WISE TO ME
BEING HERE--WON'T
DARE MAKE PLAY...

OBSERVE, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN
---THE DEATH-
DEFYING COURAGE
OF THE TRAINER...



"SUDDENLY..."

ARRR-RRRR...

YEE-OWWW!



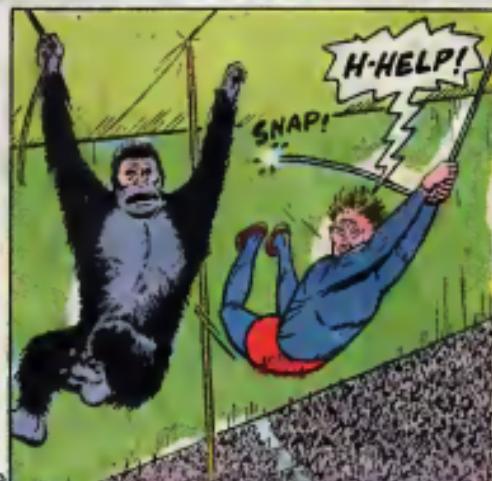
GR-RRRR...

GULP!

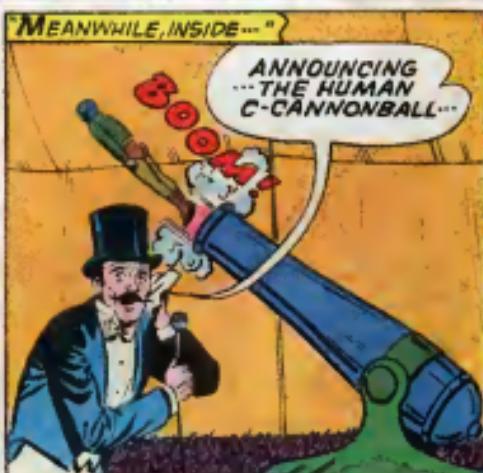


SNAP!

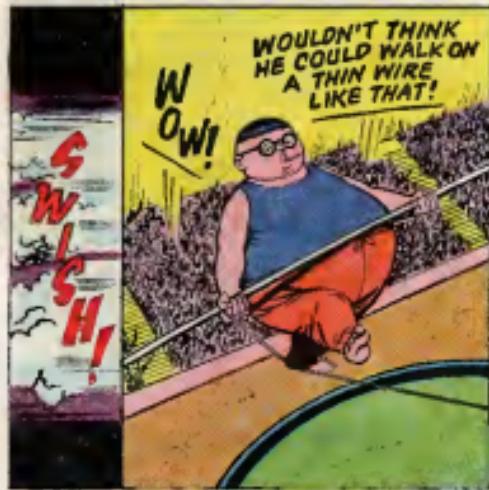
H-HELP!



"ABOVE NEXT RING, ANOTHER ACT GOING ON..."



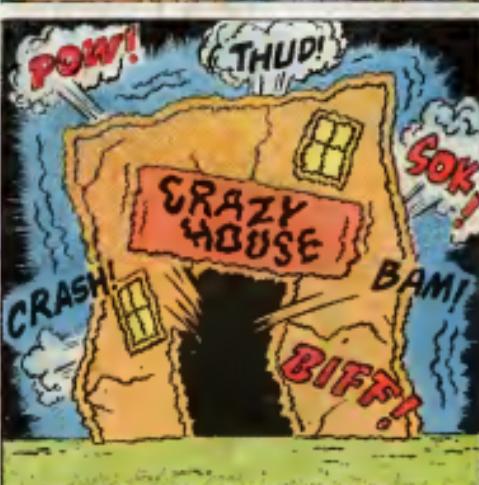






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M-ME ---MR. MOLECULE! I D-DIDN'T
MEAN ANY HARM---I JUST DID IT 'CAUSE
I WANTED TO B-BE BIG AND STRONG
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE!



"THAT'S HOW I SAVED CIRCUS FOR CHICK
BEEPPE---PAID HIM BACK FOR GOOD
TURN HE'D DONE WHEN I WAS BABY.
AND NOW THINGS ARE JUST THE SAME
AS EVER ON THE LOT."



"AND LASTLY...."

GUESS
WHO!

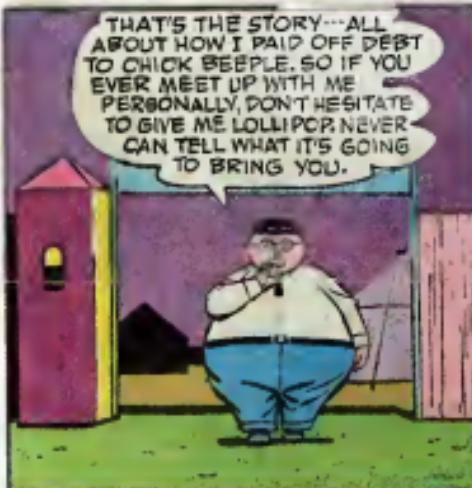


NOBODY CALL
YOU MR. MOLECULE
ANY LONGER. YOU'RE
BIGGEST LITTLE COSTUME
HERO EVER
WAS.

GOLLY,
THANKS!
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW
HAPPY YOU'VE
MADE ME
HERBIE!



THAT'S THE STORY---ALL
ABOUT HOW I PAID OFF DEBT
TO CHICK BEEPPE. SO IF YOU
EVER MEET UP WITH ME
PERSONALLY, DON'T HESITATE
TO GIVE ME LOLLIPOP. NEVER
CAN TELL WHAT IT'S GOING
TO BRING YOU.



BUT IF YOU DON'T GIVE
ME LOLLIPOP, YOU KNOW
DURN WELL WHAT IT'S GONNA
BRING YOU. POW...
RIGHT IN
KISSER!



"HERE'S HERBIE!"

All right, all you smart "Herbie" fans, Line up and button lips while I talk. Real break for you, this special prize issue. Out of kindness of heart, announcement was made in issue No. 6 of great, colossal, real gone fat contest. Idea was to send in your own original story idea for me to star in. Best story idea received to be written as script by Shane O'Shea, drawn by Ogden Whitney and published under winner's name. Big honor. Second prize winner to receive autographed picture of me, the incomparable Herbie Popnecker, inscribed to winner personally, plus one (1) special Herbie-model lollipop. Third prize winner to get original manuscript of one of my greatest adventures, "A Caveman Named Herbie", autographed by me, plus one (1) special Popnecker-Pop. Five next winners each to receive year's subscription to greatest magazine ever published—you guess which one. All clear? Results now all in, winners selected, here they are:

First Prize: Richard Roesberg
21 Gainer Avenue
Maple Shade, N.J.

For original idea for "Pinocchio Popnecker, Private Eye", complete in this issue.

Second Prize: Marvin Wolfman
142-18 59th Avenue
Flushing, N.Y.

Third Prize: Leo Soricelli
1219 Elm Street
Peekskill, N.Y.

Subscription winners:

Cheryl Brooks	Amy Fisher
29 Larch Street	38-45 Northern Drive
Pawtucket, R.I.	Fair Lawn, N.J.

Philip Vasquez	Wanda Moore
117-46 134th Street	25 Navy Road
So. Ozone Park, N.Y.	San Francisco, Calif.

Rodney Personette
507 Wayne Avenue
Pensacola, Fla.

Now going to bring you few letters from readers because I'm generous type. But first, want

to tell you about next issue, which you will either buy or suffer fractures and contusions. "Herbie" No. 13, October-November, on sale middle of August. Fine chance to read all about me in "Pirate Gold", magnificent story far too good for you. Also "Mom's New Coat", which you don't deserve either, but I might as well be big about it. (Fat, too.) Orders from Herbie: Buy or Die!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Your story, 'Professor Flapdomia's Screwy Machine' was hilarious. Please don't bop me, Herbie, I missed 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral'. Hey, Herbie, tell Shane O'Shea and Ogden Whitney that they should publish a 25c issue. You'd get twice the laughs for less than twice the money! Your comic is the best in the Universe. It isn't worth 12c, it's worth \$12 million!

—Dennis Levesque,
2 Broad Street, Nashua, New Hampshire."

Won't bop you, Dennis, but you should bop yourself for having missed magnificent yarn. Your arithmetic's lousy, all except part about my magazine worth \$12 million. That part's pretty accurate. Even more.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Everytime I go to get comics and see a comic about you, I get it. I think it's the best, funniest and greatest comic and I'd fight for it and never surrender! I've learned that there language with that there accent. And I wrote this here letter so you wouldn't hit me with that there lollipop. How do you keep from letting your father know about your powers? I'll never stop buying your comics, Fatso!

—David Susser,
7115 Narrows Avenue, Brooklyn 8, N.Y."

Very right about lots of things, David, but would suggest you learn more of that there language and accent. Never hit with lollipop—BOP with lollipop. Old adage: "What Herbie bops let no man UNbop!" Easy to keep my powers from father . . . have powers even I don't know about yet.

"Dear Herbie:-

I shall hang my head in shame forever, for like Robert Rauch, I missed your first issue. So if anybody knows where I could get one, please, please, please write! I think Herbie is great, fracturing and even funny—and the greatest thing since lollipop!

—Jim McVicar,
Sussex Kings Co., New Brunswick, Canada"

Smart, this Jim. Knows what's good.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I agree with your father. I think you're a little fat nothing. And you better stop all them wise answers, too, or I'll be right down to Madison Avenue and bop you with this here baseball bat. P.S.: Come to Gloucester and I'll beat you up.

—Roger Mattson, Gloucester, Massachusetts."

Remember Roger? Used to be fine, strong specimen—good health, lots of muscles, stuff like that. Won't recognize him if you see him today. Tch, tch. All three eyes black, both noses flat, five legs in splints. Awarded consolation prize as Most Bopped Personage Of Year. Like we said, tch, tch!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Your magazine is wonderful, stupendous, colossal, fabulous, cool, wunderbar and neat, too! One thing irks me—in 'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral', you first had a shotgun shooting bullets and then shotgun shells—how come? Please, please don't get mad at me, Herbie!

—Tom Grant,
810 West White Oak, Independence, Mo."

You got something against my magazine, Tom? Better say nice things about it that it deserves or may lose my temper. Fatal. About shotgun: it got slightly confused, that's all. Things like that happen around me.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I am a 16-year-old girl who has gone Herbie-Mad. I think you have the best comics to be found anywhere, so please keep up the good work!

—Barbara Cooper,
1539 E. 34th Street, Cleveland, Ohio."

Women always love me, Barbara. Can't help it. Irresistible. Handsome. Romantic. Romantic. Handsome. Irresistible. Very fat, too.

"Dear Herbie:-

Please don't bop me with this here lollipop, because I have read almost all of your comics. True, I missed the first three, but that was before I knew about your great stories. Since I latched onto Herbie, you can be sure I'll never miss another one of your issues, because I value my life. In your No. 8 issue, I don't think you should have let Mr. Horrible twist you. In your next story, bop the bully on sight. And, oh yes—I think 'Nelly No-Date' is a waste of time and paper. Your friend and fan—

—Steve Schmutz,
1515 Tuolumne Street, Vallejo, California."

Missed first three issues, huh? Pretty grave offense, but may forgive slightly upon receipt of 50-year subscription. Otherwise may consider wiping Vallejo off map. Notify mayor in case he desires evacuate place. Don't worry anymore about "Nelly No-Date". Have already be-bopped this character.

* * *

"Dear Herbie Fat Creep Popnecker:-

Want subscription, see?

—Michael D. Laus,
562 Rodi Road, Pittsburgh 35, Pennsylvania."

Paid your money, get your subscription. Lucky, lucky man . . .

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

You are the most magnificent, superb, stupendous comics character there is. In issue No. 6, I must compliment the stories. 'A Caveman Named Herbie' was a masterpiece. 'Space-Age Herbie' was colossal, too. I know that anybody who doesn't like your magazine should be bopped with your lollipop. My friend, Richard Onley, and I are positively crazy about you and we aren't the only ones. But some people are saying to me, "Herbie? Who's Herbie?" And I say to them, "Only the best comics character ever, Bub!" Herbie, your stories are excellent. Keep them that way, please. I am a steady reader of your magazine. You're not a Fat Little Nothing. You mean a lot to many kids like me!

—Vernon Proctor,
409 Sheffield Drive, Wallingford, Penn."

Man after my own heart, Vernon. Don't mind being Fat Little Nothing as long as am Fattest Little Nothing in world. And who can doubt that?

**FIRST
PRIZE FAN
STORY AWARD!**
Winner
RICHARD ROSENBERG
21 GAIOR AVENUE
MAPLE SHADE, N.J.

HERE IT IS, READERS---THE GRAND PRIZE STORY IN OUR BIG CONTEST! IT WAS ADAPTED FROM AN IDEA SUBMITTED BY ONE OF OUR FANS AND WORKED INTO SCRIPT FORM BY SHANE O'SHEA. TCH, TCH---ALL IT'S GOT IS LAFFS, SHRIEKS AND ROARS!

PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!

ART:OGDEN(HIMSELF)
WHITNEY



WHAT BETTER PLACE TO OPEN A HERBIE STORY THAN HIS OWN HOME TOWN? HERE'S OFFICER KILLARNEY POUNDING HIS BEAT. HE'S EVEN FATTER THAN HERBIE---AND PROUD OF IT...

MIDNIGHT AND

ALL IS WELL---AH, 'TIS A FINE, FAT FIGURE OF A MAN YE ARE, PAT KILLARNEY...



I---I'VE BEEN ROBBED, BEGORRAH! SOME CROOK STOLE ME FAT!

HA-HA-HA!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CIVIC MUSEUM, DINO DINOSAUR WAS AS HAPPY AS YOU COULD EXPECT A FAT DINOSAUR DEAD A MILLION YEARS TO BE...

YESSIR--I'M A FINE, FAT FIGURE OF A DINOSAUR. PREHISTORIC, TOO...

SAURIAN
TYRANNOSAURUS

ALL THAT WONDERFUL,
PREHISTORIC FAT--
G-GONE!

HA-HA-HA!



IT WAS HAPPENING ALL OVER--EVEN IN THE MOTHER GOOSE BOOK--



\$50,000 REWARD! FOR THAT, I'LL BECOME WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE... A PRIVATE EYE! I'LL GET ON THE TRAIL OF THE FAT THIEF AND USE MY TALENTS TO CAPTURE HIM!



THAT'S RIGHT--AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE I'VE GOT TALENTS, JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THEM IN ACTION! BY GEORGE, I'M A LIVELIHOOD--NOT A LITTLE FAT NOTHING LIKE YOU, YOU LITTLE FAT NOTHING!



"WELL, HERBIE DIDN'T WANT MOM TO HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DAD--SO NEXT MORNING, WHEN PINCUS POPNECKER HIT THE TRAIL..."

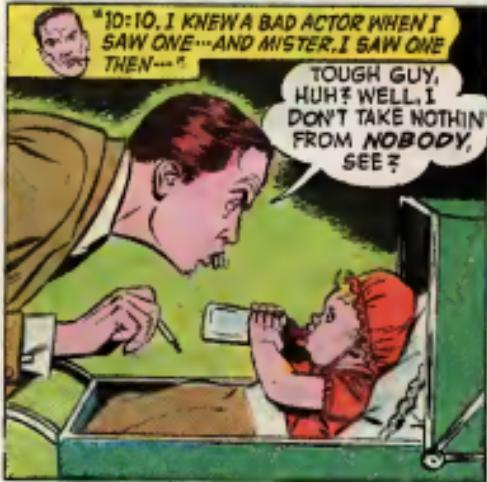
THIS IS THE START OF A GREAT NEW CAREER FOR ME-- PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!

FOLLOW--TRY TO KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE.



"10:10, I KNEW A BAD ACTOR WHEN I SAW ONE...AND MISTER, I SAW ONE THEN..."

TOUGH GUY, HUH? WELL, I DON'T TAKE NOTHIN' FROM NOBODY, SEE?



"SEE HOW I SHOWED THAT HARD CHARACTER? IT WAS 10:16 A.M. AS I WALKED DOWN THE MAIN DRAG, READY FOR TROUBLE. I COULD SEE GUYS CROSSING THE STREET TO GET OUT OF MY WAY---BUT NOT THE DOLLS! A KNOCKOUT WAS HEADING MY WAY AND I COULD TELL SHE WAS GIVING ME THE OLD EYE..."



"WHY NOT? I WAS PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE, AND I WAS ALL MAN! SO..."



"NOON --- AND I WAS FEELING HUNGRY AND MEAN, MEAN. SO I PUT A TOUGH GRIN ON MY FACE AND DARED THE WORLD TO START SOMETHIN'..."

CITY ZOO

YELLA, HUH? CAN'T TAKE IT, HUH?



WELL, I'M THE GUY WHO CAN DISH IT OUT, SEE? GUNS OR FISTS, EITHER WAY!



"GULP! I--I'M SORRY, HERBIE! I D-DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS YOUR OLD MAN!"

YESSIR, IN MY LINE OF WORK YOU NEED GUTS --- AND BUSTER, YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT THE FELL A WITH PLENTY!



DRAW A ROSCOE ON ME, WILL YOU? ... BAM! BAM!



SNAP!

"GULP! SAFE FALLING ON DAD--"



TELL THE CORONER HE DIED OF A CASE OF LEAD POISONING --- COURTESY OF PINCUS POPNECKER, PRIVATE EYE!



THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT ALL WEEK--UNTIL--

I MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT, MOM--I HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE LEAD TO THE FAT THIEF! I'M A FLOP, A FAILURE--ALMOST AS BAD AS HERBIE THERE!

HE CAN'T BE THAT BAD. MUST BE LOSING HIS GRIP... GOTTA BUILD HIM UP. ONLY WAY IS IF HE MAKES BIG SUCCESS AND CRACKS CASE!

MEANS I'VE GOTTA CRACK CASE FOR HIM. LET'S SEE... VILLAIN STEALS FAT, ALL THE TIME FAT. MAYBE WOULD LIKE FAT TENING THINGS. GIVE IT A TRY...

SO NEXT DAY--IN THE TOWN'S SECOND-BEST RESTAURANT...



BUT YOU COULDN'T DISCOURAGE HERBIE--NOT THAT EASILY. SO NEXT NIGHT--IN THE WINDOW OF THE TOWN'S BEST RESTAURANT--

THE FATTEST, TASTIEST ROAST PIG IN THE WORLD. EVEN MORE FATTENING THAN FATTENING CAKE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

MONSTER S·I·Z·E MONSTERS



FULL 6FT.
TALL
IN AUTHENTIC COLOR
ONLY
\$100

Just imagine your friends' shock when they walk into your room and see the "visitor" standing around . . . as BIG as life. Frankenstein and Dracula — as awful and sinister as any wild dream. . . . A full 6-foot tall in chilling full color on durable 10-pound stock, and so life-like you'll probably find yourself talking to them. Won't you be surprised if they answer? Just send \$1 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. Money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

.10-DAY FREE TRIAL

Honor House Prod. Corp.
Dept. 3M500, Lynbrook, N.Y.
Rush me my 6-ft. tall monsters. Send me:
 Frankenstein Dracula
I enclose \$1 plus 25¢ for postage and handling for each. If I don't eat shovels of delight, I can return my purchase within 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price.

Name _____
Address _____

FACTORIES ARE TURNING OUT MILLIONS OF APPLIANCES DAILY . . . WHO WILL REPAIR THEM?

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE REPAIRING

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN — Since 1935 Christy Trades School has been teaching the profitable Appliance Repair business. You learn by working with your hands. Your Christy Tester locates trouble. CTS course shows you how to fix it, what to charge, how to solicit business.

MAKE MONEY RIGHT FROM THE START

Many of our students pay for their course before they complete it. How? Because right from the beginning they are shown how to make actual repairs! Thousands testify the CTS course is easy to understand.

ELECTRONIC
TESTING KIT
FURNISHED

SEND FOR
FREE BOOK
... tell you
how to do it!



SEND COUPON TODAY!

CHRISTY TRADES SCHOOL INC., Dept. A-332
3214 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60625
Please RUSH FREE book on America's fastest-growing industry, Appliance Repairing, and special form for paying from earnings while learning.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

READ WHAT MR. PIPPIN SAYS!

Mr. Marion A. Pippin, Des. Ill., writes: "My business is getting better all the time." Mr. Pippin is building a real business in his fix-it shop. You can do the same with CTS training.

AND WHEN THE CONCRETE-MIXER ARRIVED...

BLUP!

YI!

UGH! BETTER
WE SHOULD HAVE
LEFT HIM COVERED UP!



MEANWHILE--IN A HIDEOUT NEARBY--

SORRY, BOSS. WE
LOST OUT ON THAT
BIG FAT ROAST PIG
--THE SAME WAY
WE DID ON THAT
BIG FAT DELICIOUS
CAKE.

LOOK, YOU FOOLS,
I WANT FAT--ANY
KIND! GET ME A
FAT-HEAD, THEN
--THE BIGGEST
IN TOWN! AND THIS
TIME DON'T
FAIL!



THIS TIME THEY DIDN'T FAIL. THEY WENT AFTER
THE BIGGEST FAT-HEAD IN TOWN--AND THEY
GOT HIM!

H-HELP! YOU
CAN'T DO THIS TO
P-PINCUS P-POPNECKER!



HERBIE SLEPT ALL THROUGH
IT--BUT NEXT MORNING, YOU
CAN BE SURE THAT HE HIT
THE TRAIL--

NOT GOING
TO FAIL THIS TIME.
GOT TO FIND DAD...
BRING HIM
BACK.



SEEN MY
FATHER?
MISSING.

KNOW SOME-
THIN', HERBIE?
I WAS ALMOST
MISSIN' MESSELF
A COUPLA HOURS
BACK. THERE I WAS,
FLYIN' OVER A SOITAIN
ROOFTOP, MINDIN' ME OWN
BUSINESS...



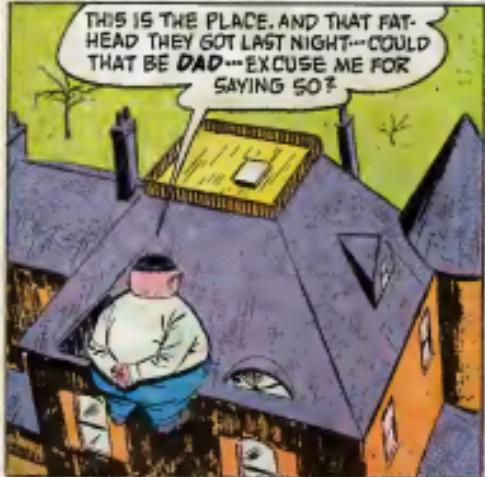
"...WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN,
UP COMES A BIG NET...
AND JUST MISSIN' GRABBIN'
ME OFF!"

AWK!

CATCH
HIM! THAT
FAT-HEAD
YOU BROUGHT
IN LAST NIGHT
ISN'T DOING
ME ANY
GOOD!



THIS IS THE PLACE, AND THAT FAT-
HEAD THEY GOT LAST NIGHT---COULD
THAT BE DAD---EXCUSE ME FOR
SAYING SO?



DAD---AND TOO
SCARED TO WANT
TO SEE OR HEAR
WHAT GOES
ON.

HA---THAT OUGHT
TO DO IT, BOYS! THAT'S
THE FATTEST, PLUMPEST,
MOST STUFFED
THING I'VE
EVER
SEEN!



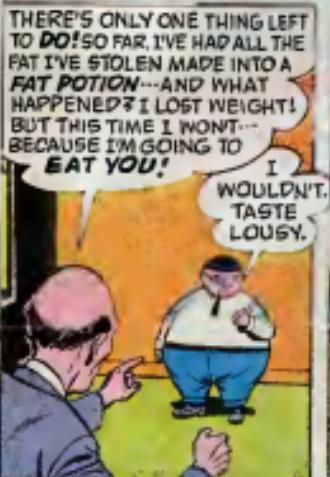
YOU KNOW HOW AMBITIOUS I AM TO BE
PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1---BUT IT'S THE **FAT FOLKS** OF THE WORLD WHO ARE THE BIG
FAT SUCCESSES! LOOK AT **HUMPTY DUMPTY**---LOOK AT **SANTA CLAUS**
---LOOK AT **NERO**---LOOK AT
THE **FAT FURY**!

I GET IT.
YOU FIGURED
YOU HAD TO GET
FAT, EVEN IF IT
MEANT STEALING
IT, UH---WHAT ARE
YOU GONNA DO
WITH ME?

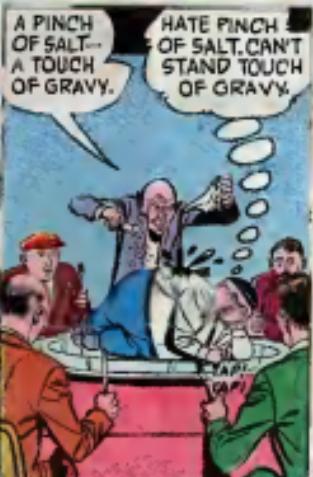


THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT
TO **DO**! SO FAR, I'VE HAD ALL THE
FAT I'VE STOLEN MADE INTO A
FAT POTION---AND WHAT
HAPPENED? I LOST WEIGHT!
BUT THIS TIME I WON'T---
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO
EAT YOU!

I
WOULDN'T
TASTE
LOUSY.

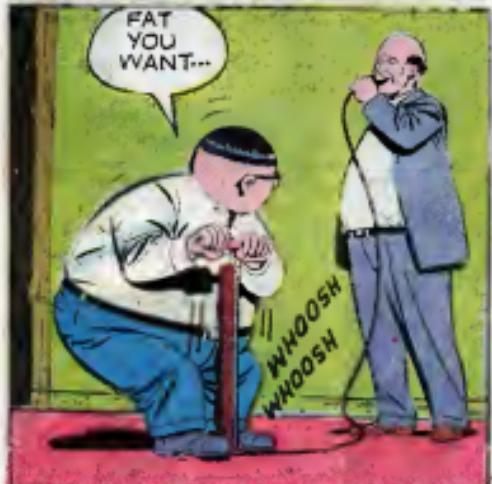
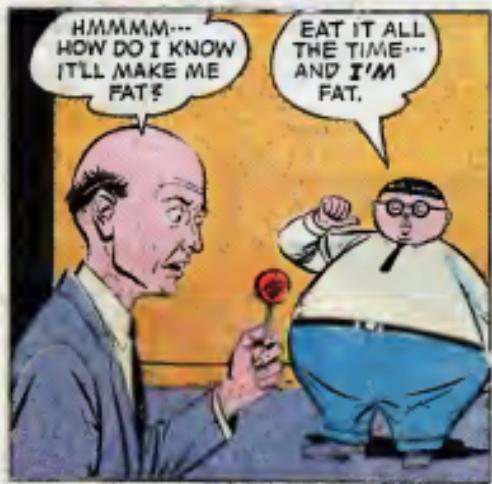


A PINCH
OF SALT---
A TOUCH
OF GRAVY.



HAD IT.
ENOUGH IS
ENOUGH.





HOLD IT. GOT
TO ATTACH THIS
LABEL. VERY
IMPORTANT.



PINCUS POPNECKER...
MUST BE THE GREATEST
PRIVATE EYE EVER! HE
DESERVES THAT \$50,000
REWARD!



THEY---THEY SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT ME C-CATCHING THE
FAT-THEIF! I DON'T REMEMBER
EXACTLY HOW I DID IT, BUT THEY
WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN
ME THE REWARD
IF I HADN'T,
WOULD
THEY?

YOU AIN'T JUST WHISTLIN'
DIXIE, BABY---AND YA KNOW
WHYTBECUSE I'M HARD
AND I'M TOUGH WITH MY
DUKES OR A ROSCOE, AND
NO BAD ACTOR CAN
PUSH ME AROUND.

OF
COURSE NOT,
DAD. YOU MUST
BE A WONDERFUL
PRIVATE
EYE!

ME---PINCUS
POPNECKER,
PRIVATE
EYE!

IF ONLY MY SON COULD
FOLLOW IN MY FOOT-
STEPS. WHAT A CHANCE,
WHEN ALL I'VE GOT IS
A LITTLE FAT
NOTHING!

OH,
DEAR,
LOOK---
HE'S AT IT
AGAIN.



NO 12
SEPTEMBER

IND.

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TUNNEL OF LOVE